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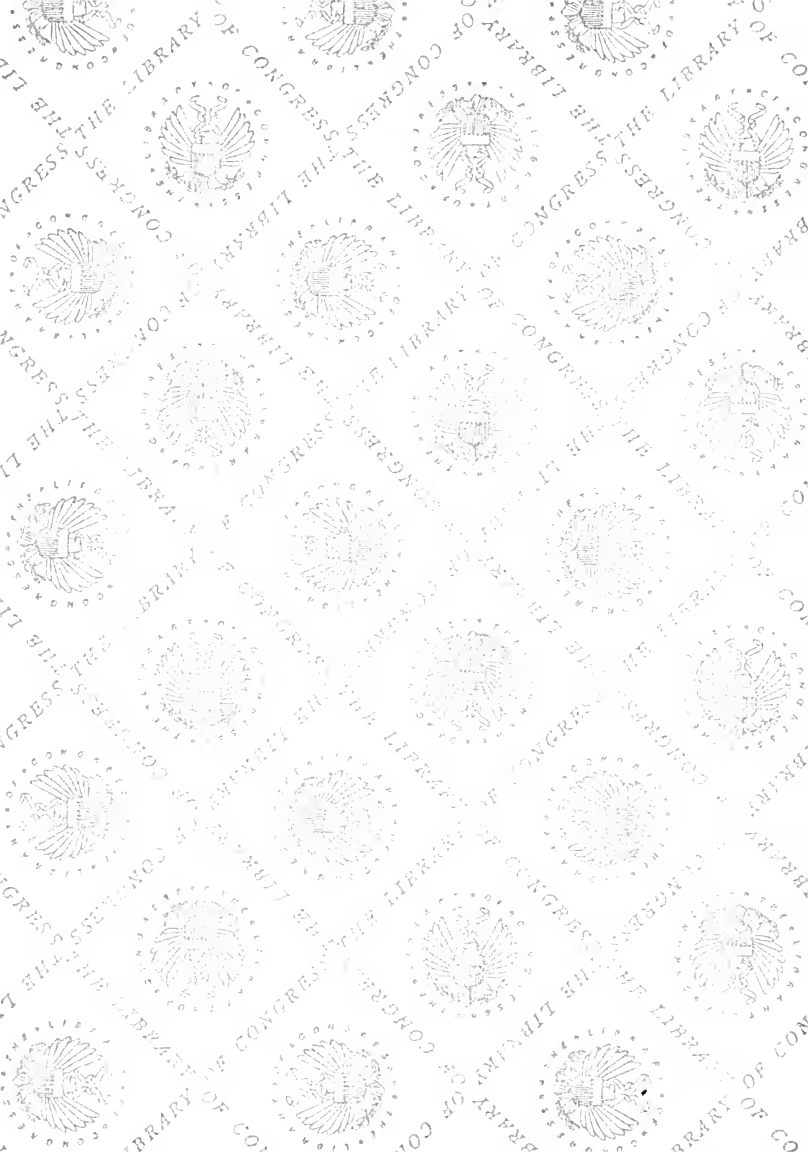
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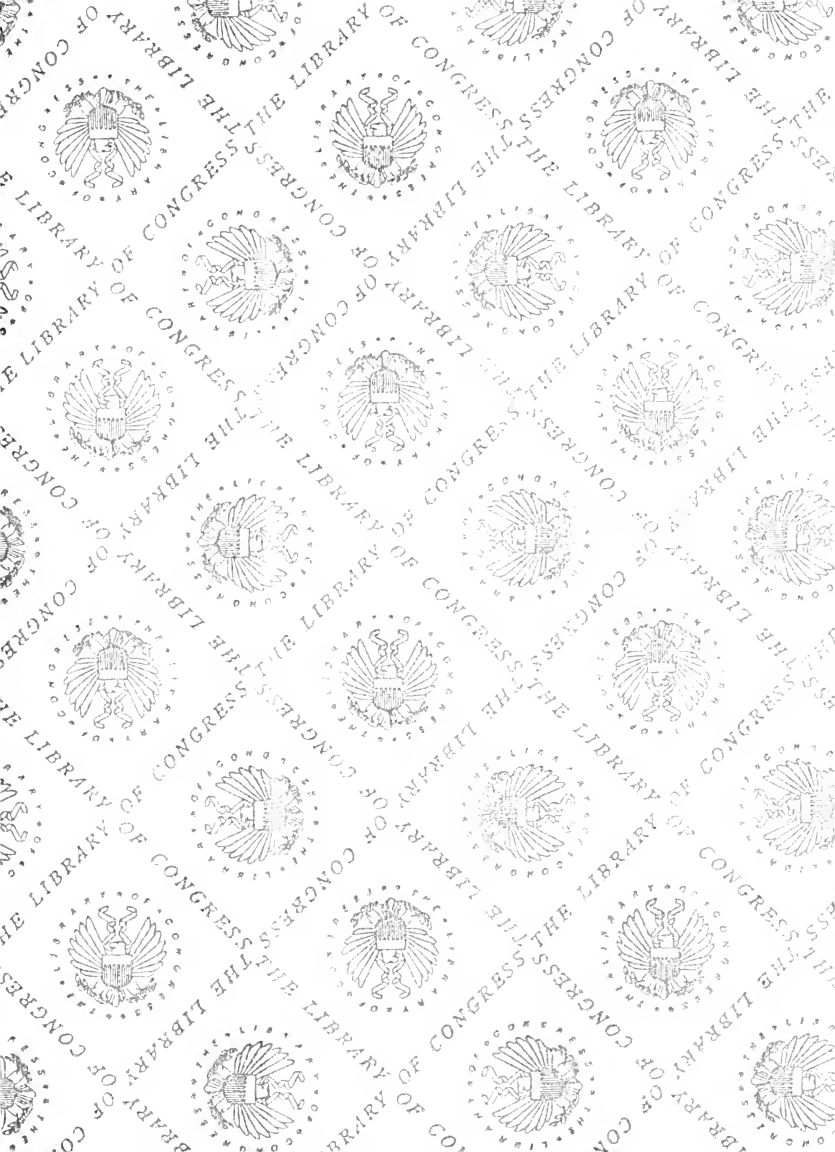
1900

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SONGS OF THE SOUL

ETTA WALLACE MILLER

I tune my lyre with Joy, and sing to you,
And leave my heart-songs in your tender care..
No offering worldly-rich I bring to you,
Only these flowers of my love and prayer.

ATLANTA, GA.
BYRD PRINTING CO.
1900.

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BY ETTA WALLACE MILLER.

ans 27 June 34



Letta Wallace Miller

TO
MY FATHER
AND
THE SPIRIT PRESENCE
OF
MY MOTHER.

Introduction.

Herein are love, and tenderness, and all

Sweet influences; such as make the way
Sure to the white perfection of the day—
The wood-doves moaning and the robin's call;
And Faith, that finds fair stars, and sees no wall
'Twixt Earth and Heaven, but still the rainbow-ray
In the black storm—and marvel not if May
Herein shall see the tears of April fall!

Here sing the birds: here the wild blossoms, blown
By rain-dashed winds, fall thick upon
Love's tresses!

Here, in dim woodlands, all the thrushes throng—
In flower-fair mornings and starred nights unknown
This singer knew an unseen hand's caresses
And a great voice that told her all her song!

Frank L. Stanton

Atlanta, Ga., April 20th,
1900

SONGS OF THE SOUL

TO MY FATHER

I know 'tis not because their power is great,
That you do love them so—these songs of mine—
For to my lot falls not the wondrous fate
To thrill the world with melody divine.
Nor will my singing ever be so sweet,
That eagerly the multitude shall heed !
It is enough to know—one Heart will greet
With love, these faltering notes, that sorely need
A finer touch than mine to give them grace
And strike those chords of sympathy, that show
The singer's worthiness of Honor's place !
But sweet is praise, though undeserv'd ; and so,
When Youth is o'er, and Fancy's dreams depart,
Your violets shall richen 'neath the snow,
And breathe eternal summer in my heart !

TO MY MOTHER

When I am all alone, and fearfully
Look down upon the thorns that strew the way,
And sob aloud, but dare not hope or pray ;

'Tis then you come to me.

'Tis then you come to me from far-off spheres,
And touch my lowered head with hands that bless ;
And all my soul is stirred by your caress,
And God's own Spirit nears.

When I am struggling so to rise up free,
And break the pitiless, heart-bruising bars
'That stand between my soul and God's great stars,

'Tis then you come to me.

'Tis then you come and gently soothe the pain,
'Tis then you bind the wounds with healing balm,
And for your sake, the 'prisoned heart grows calm,
And struggles on again.

When those I loved prove false, and trait'rously
Strike with strong weapons, gained by their false art,
Strike with their coward hands at my bared heart,

'Tis then you come to me.

'Tis then you come to me from God's high throne,
And kneel in all your radiance at my side.

O ! Mother Soul, whatever ills betide,
You seek and shield your own !

A LITTLE WREATH

TO MY FRIENDS

Here is a little wreath ! Will you not lift

Its flowers where your smiles may make them
bright ?

It is a poor, but still a loving gift,

For from my heart I've culled the blossoms white !

THE PRAYER OF MY HEART

I ask not, Father, power to give
Problems to puzzle human minds,
Or make men deem me great and strong ;
I only pray some deed of mine—
A look, a word, perchance a song,
May, guided by Thy will divine,
Help draw aside Thy wondrous blinds,
And prove to those who know the night,
That GOD is LOVE, and LOVE is LIGHT,
And just how sweet it is to live !

THY NAME

It holds the melody of all the world,
It paints the peerless tints we see in dreams :
And, singing it, the very heaven seems
To nearer come with holy stars unfurled :
And in its music sweet there is impearled
The silver sunlight in its tenderest beams,—
And, whispering it, the rippling woodland streams
Soft echoes catch, that to the seas are whirled.

Oh, tender and beloved melody,
That thrill'st in the lily's heart of gold,
And breathe'st from the roses' lips of flame !
My soul can never sing enough of thee :—
Thou holdest all the heaven's heart unrolled—
O holy, and beloved, tender name !

THE POET

As the sun shines out in the heavens,
He catches the light that it brings ;
And, 'pris'ning its beautiful glory,
He echoes the song that it sings.

When out of the darkness, the morning
In beauty and melody breaks—
He lists to the holy communion
'Tween God and the light-bosomed lakes.

Then sweet to the wide world, he sings it ;
And sorrow kneels low to the sod.
For part of Joy's self is the Poet,
And singeth the message of God !

FOREORDAINED

We met not, first time, standing face to face,
For e'en the sounding of thy voice to me,
Came, a well-known and worshipped melody.
And in thy features fair, my heart could trace
The same sweet beauty and the tender grace,
That I had known and loved ere brought to thee.
Oh, Love, look up, and know the mystery ;
Oh, Love, kneel down and take thy rightful place !

Dost thou not know me, O ! my Love, my Sweet ?
Yea, I can see it in thy lifted eyes,
And I can feel it in thy kiss divine.
Thou art my own by thy heart's every beat,
For when God fashioned us He wove the ties
That should forever bind thy heart to mine !

A FRAGMENT

So many little things to do and say,
To make life sweet to live ;
The rose to offer from a deathless May,
The tender word to give !
Such very little things ! And yet we know
Life would not be complete
Without these blossoms bright amid its woe,
To make the darkness sweet !

TWILIGHT REVERIE

Though the night's dim shadows falling
Have blurred the light,
To you, dear, my heart is calling—
Calling to-night.

Though no more the sunlight glistens
In sky of blue,
In the shadows one still listens,
Longing for you.

And memory—artist of truth—
Paints one dear face—
A face that's fair and pure in youth—
Radiant in grace.

Surely death cannot enthrall you,
Making you dumb
To my voice, dear, when I call you—
Call you to come ?

Mother—mother ! Dost not hear me ?

Do those cold skies

Keep the spirit that would near me ?

Oh, are your eyes

To earth's sorrows and pities blind ?

Have you no word,

No token, dear, that human mind

May know you've heard ?

. . . Only silence. Breaths from meadows

Lone have found me.

Mystic silence—and the shadows

Close around me.

THE GHOST

“I thought you were dead—go back to your grave ;
Your mass has been said. Do you understand ?

Ah, you would touch me ? Let go of my hand.
I buried you there in that seal-up cave
Of my own despair, and I've turned to brave
The world—not a ghost. Go back to the land
Where your life was lost when I struck the wand
Of death above you ! Why stand there and wave
That hand ? Its fingers are raw to the bone !

I do not love you, you are cold and dead.
Go back to your grave, and leave me alone !
Christ ! how it lingers ! Go back ! I am wed—
Why should you haunt me ? I have suffered so.
Go back to your grave—go back to it—go !

“You are here—here still, you Ghost of the Past ?
I know I killed you—closely I bound you—
You could not escape ; ropes were around you !
I saw the purple that the strangling cast

On your brow and breast—and at last—at last,
The quivering ended. What demon found you
And breathed your life back? What ghost hands
crowned you
With withered wreath? O, you hold too fast!
You hurt me—scorch me! I thought you were cold!
Put back in its sheath that sword of your wrong;
Pity me—leave me! Oh, take all the gold
I gave my peace for! I've repented long!
Mercy—believe me! You speak? Give me breath!
You are not the Love that I killed—but Death!"

THOSE OTHER DAYS

There are other faces, fresh and fair,
In the dear old home, that do not care
For the mem'ries that are ling'ring there,
 Of other days !
And they do not hear in echoes, there,
The sighs that sweep thro' the twilight air,
And thrill and throb with a heart's despair
 For other days !

Yea, alien faces, fresh and fair,
Your red lips smile in the sunlight rare,
But another heart is hovering there
 From other days,
And that other heart holds fuller share
Of joy supreme, for in dreams, I wear
The flowers HE kissed and pinned in my hair
 In other days.

They are faded now, but sweet and fair,
And the later blooms cannot compare
With HIS, and their mem'ries rich and rare
 Of other days.

When dust is o'er my life's despair,
I shall dream of HIM in the cavern bare,
And the grave shall keep, in its tender care,
 THOSE OTHER DAYS !

TO MY BABY FRIEND, LILA DELL FROST.

Let me sing you a song of the morning, Sweet,
Let me tell you a story of daisy and dew ;
The daisies that dimple the clod at your feet,
And the beautiful dew-drops that smile to the blue.

There's a heart in the daisy, tender and bright,
And it whispers the wonders of sea and of air ;
And the dew is as bright as your eyes of light,
And it holds all the colors the fairy-folk wear.

And the shimmering grass that carpets the sod,
Is the richest of velvet that ever was made,
It is fresh with the fragrant presence of God,
And bright with a beauty that never will fade.

And even the leaflets that banner the trees,
Are brothers and sisters, so joyous and free ;
And they winnow sweet kisses soft to the breeze,
As it ruffles and reddens a rose on the lea.

And "Lila, we love you," the glory-buds sing,
"As sweet and as fair as the dawn of the day,"
And "Lila, we keep you," the chorus shall ring,
From angels in heaven, till they bear you away.

CHRISTIAN UNION BATTLE HYMN.

GEORGIA Y. P. C. U. SONG, 1899.

Air: Battle Hymn of the Republic.

We are marching, onward marching, trampling
down the weeds of wrong ;

We are marching to the music of a hallelujah song ;
Lifting hearts to hope and heaven—waft the wel-
come news along.

His Christian Union throng.

CHORUS.

Marching, marching, tell the story !

Marching, marching, tell the story !

Marching on for Christ, His glory !

His Christian Union throng.

We are mustered firm and faithful, soldiers brave
in battle line ;

The Saviour is our captain, and He leads by love
divine ;

'Tis "Peace" on our banners, and "Love" is the
countersign ;

His Christian Union throng.

CHORUS.

O! swing wide the door of Duty! Ring, oh bells,
from sea to sea,

All the wondrous love and beauty of the Truth
which makes us Free !

Sing it! Ring it! Wild winds wing it! till the an-
swering world shall be,

His Christian Union throng.

CHORUS.

Onward, onward, falt'ring never! giving hope for
earth's despair ;

Hateful wrong from right to sever, by the living
strength of pray'r,

With the colors of our Captain to the King's domin-
ions fair ;

His Christian Union throng.

CHORUS.

LOVE'S WAY

I planned so many things to say and do

When you should come.

Thought took unfettered wings and gaily flew

Through fairy labyrinths, so sweet and new,

I said to my glad heart, "I'll keep this dew

Fresh on the rose's lips; the sunset hue

That tinges this dream sky, I'll treasure too,

Till he shall come."

But when you came and stood before me here,

My lips were dumb.

Thought quivered at your feet; I could not steer

It upwards, and my heart could only hear

The beating of your heart. Time was so dear

When you, in all your tender love, stood near—

That I was dumb !

TO A GLASS OF WINE

How bright you are ! I see in your deep hues
The sunset's richest colors ; and your red

Is sparkling like the pure and glistening dew,
That upward smile at soft skies overhead

And catch the clear and iridescent dyes
That lie in sun-kissed splendor there at rest !

Your breath the odor of the rose defies ;
And in fair homes you are an honored guest.

You smile on ME, and beckon ME to drink ?

Ah, not to me your beauty is a snare !

I know you lead to peril's highest brink,

And dash men down and leave them dying there.

I have a friend who, for your curséd sake,

Is dead to-night—is dead, and yet breathes on ;

You cannot count the human hearts you break ;

Your crimson hand across the world is drawn !

The friend I tell of is a woman, frail

And pure and beautiful—alive, yet dead ;

Alive to suffer, and to see life pale—

But dead to hope, for sake of one you fed

With your vile liquid's crimson, living curse.

She may not stately lie in shrouded rest ;

She walks the streets and sees another's hearse ;

She moves and speaks with death upon her breast !

Who see her face must read her sorrow there—

Her eyes are midnight heavens bereft of stars,

Her dumb, pale lips are mute in wan despair. . . .

The soul is chain'd behind dark prison-bars,

With garlands of dead gladness twining where

Once breathed so sweet the lilies, Love and Trust.

But all life's blossoms withered in your snare,

And blotted her Soul's light with their thick dust!

Some years ago this woman met and loved

A man to whom she promised her young life.

The weeks sped by ; each hour to music moved,

Until there dawned the day when as his wife

The woman hoped to go his way thro' death. . . .

The guests assembled and the white-robed bride

Stept joyously to his beloved side—

But, lo, he came with wine upon his breath !

His face was flushed, he looked with dazed eyes

Upon the pure and beautiful young face,

That now was white as one who lifeless lies ;
But thrusting back the blow of his disgrace,
She took his hand and owned him to the crowd,
And sheltered him with Love that could not dim.
And I looked on and saw her young life's shroud
Made by the hands that smoothed the way for him.

Oh, many a time the loving woman's brave,
'True heart was wounded with the deadly pain
Of shame. . . . At last she knelt beside his grave
And kissed the stone that covered two hearts slain,
O, WINE, by you ! (My God, there's many a one
Who weeps to-night for dead and shadowed trust ;
And broken hearts say, " Lord, Thy will be done,"
And kneel all bruised in the bitter dust !)

But you smile still and sparkle in the light.
You tempt men on, and kill the great and chaste.
And, oh, the tears that make your liquid bright,
And, oh, the curse you give to those who taste.
Yes ; you are bright as sunset's crimson flood,
But your defiant power I know too well ;
Your red is rich with drained, human blood,
And you are king of Earth's most cursed hell !

STANZAS

I ask not now,
That you shall promise me,
To faithful be unto eternity.
Nay ! If my calm, cold face be raised to you
Without the sight, why should you still be true ?

Death's marble brow
Could feel no jealous pain.
So, dearest, ere I long had silent lain,
You should be free—if thus your heart did will.
I ask you not to love me only, still.

I know not how
The spirit wings its flight—
All that I feel is this : Grief's painful blight
Can have no power over the freed soul
When, passed through death, it shall have reached
the goal.

And living now,
I ask no pledge from you.
If you may give another love more true
Than now you offer me, just tell me so ;
And I—what matters else ?—I'd bid you go !

TO REV. J. L. KING.

(On His Eightieth Birthday.)

Naught is sweeter,
Naught completer
In all the world of joy and strife ;
Naught is purer,
Naught is surer
Than such as thine—a Christian life ;
Looking to the One above thee,
Keeping the flags of Hope unfurled ;
Causing all who know and love thee
To scorn the sinning of the world.

On forever,
Falt'ring never ;
On—marching o'er the hill of life—
Seeking beauty,
Heeding duty
And making light another's strife ;
Love's firm soldier ; Truth's defender.
Thou hast travelled over the way—
Earnest, loving, true and tender,
Teaching our wayward hearts to pray.

And now, at last,
The struggling past—
The summit reached—look back, for, lo,
The paths of gloom
Are bright with bloom ;
And all the thorns that wounded so,
And all the human, pitying tears,
Have changed to lilies, rare and sweet ;
Blossoms garnered from faithful years,
To pave the way for His dear feet.

The loving shore
In paths before,
Shall dearer be for struggles won—
Then thou shalt rest
Upon His breast,
And He shall say, "My child, well done."
For each sad grief by Him is given
To make us stronger ; each great loss
To make us worthier of the heaven
For bearers of the Saviour's cross.

SONG OF THE INFINITE

Nay, do not touch me ; sit here by my side,
And let thy Spirit's unrestrained tide
Seek mine. The infinite is deep and wide,
But in the human sea our souls are bruised
On rocks and railing. Let our strength be used
To bear us upward, till there be infused
Into our beings holiest light and love.
Nay, be thou silent. . . . let thy Spirit move,
Thy lips are human ! Let us look above,
To truer longings. What am I to thee ?
What are mere faces ? I would have thee see
My soul, and I would have thee think of me
As one who knows thy inmost heart-desires,
Looks in thy Soul to find its hidden lyres,
And strike resounding chords, and living fires.
Unfettered as the air, I bid thee ride
Through labyrinths of Truth, and interlace
Thy life with visions, that thy Soul may face
Souls that are kindred. Now, step back a pace,

And look : our blending breath and vision shows
That our near Spirits' mystic music flows
Together, as air rills from rose to rose.
Behold the airy form of harmony ;
It sinks, it trembles, half as though 'twould flee ;
Now, soars in sweet and surging melody
And lo, the living lights of heaven embrace
The soul of song Now look, look in Love's
face.
Belovéd, nearer still : is there a trace
Of aught that's human, like a false stone set
In perfect workmanship ? Belovéd, let
Thy heart know mine, and let thy Soul forget
And save my soul, that sings its way to thee--
And blends its beauty and its mystery
With thy soul's music Look, and thou
canst see
Love's own life-garden ; thou canst touch and hold
The Rose of heaven ; thou canst soft unfold
The lustrous petals, draw the drifts of gold
About thee closely ; cling to mist and find
Firm substance. Come ! Lose time ! And
do not mind
The way we've wended ! See ! Our path is lined

With rainbow radiance. Draw the dreams around,
Still, still more closely . . . Spirit voices sound,
And spirit visions are so softly wound
Around about us that the world is lost !

Now look thou back at all the hills we've crossed,
The danger-places, and the plains of frost ;
The darkness and the drifts and shifts of stain ;
The ghost-grim fancies and the floods of pain !
Look at them lose them ! Lo, the Light has
slain

The darkness, with the flaming sword of Truth . .
Drink from this Fountain, 'tis the fount forsooth,
That yields eternal Happiness and Youth . . .
Now, go . . . I give thee to the world of men,
Till thy dear Love sing sweet to Heaven ; when,
My soul, Belovéd, shall claim thine again !

THE MONARCH OF THE HEIGHTS

Dear love, the years have come and flown,
And some have yielded rich delights,
But sometimes memory sends a moan
 To the glad heights.
The robes of wealth I won and wear
 Are glittering with glory fine,
But, oh, God's sunshine tinges there
 An empty shrine.

Dear love, have you forgotten now ?
Or do you feel a scorning hate
For these false lips that touched your brow ?
 Enthroned in state,
I yet am poor, and hungrily
 Bend down for mem'ry's each small crumb.
Oh, bitter-sweet they are to me,
 So starved and numb.

Dear love—yet never more my own—
 Would God that I had chosen wise.
What is a jeweled, joyless throne ?
 Oh, for the skies
That were so rich and true and rare !
 Oh, for the old-time, glad delights !—
God and His angels govern there—
 Regret is monarch of the heights !

THE SMILE AND THE TEAR

“Smile, laugh,” you say ?

First, bring to life the dead !

But yet, ah, stay :

Think you a faith that’s fled,
Is wholly dead ?

Or can it breathe again,
And live instead
Of sinking in decay ?”

“Dead faith,” you say ?

Ah, but there is no death,
For patience may
Bring back the fleeing breath.
Earth may not slay

The life of which you speak.
Faith lives always,
E’en in a heart so weak
It cannot pray.

Look about you :—

Have the skies ever failed
To show their blue,
When winter’s clouds have paled
To lifeless hue ?

Does spring not banish gloom,
And each year true
Bring back the lovely bloom
That once you knew ?

“ Dead faith,” you say ?
Is yonder rose less sweet
Than those last May ?
The daisies at your feet—
Are they to-day
Less white and gold than when
In childhood, they
Smiled to you ? Does the wren
Sing notes less true ?

Yes ! Say I, smile.
Is't not enough to know,
A little while
Will banish all the tears,
The pain, the woe ?
The sorrow and the strife ?
The chastening rod
Brings gladness to all life,
And leads to God,
And LOVE'S ETERNAL YEARS !

AN INCIDENT

On Reading an Article in a Newspaper.)

Staggering through the stormy weather, blindly
knowing where to stop,
Came he through the busy city to a little dingy shop;
Open flung the door, and entered, threw a tiny bundle down,
Saying with a shrugging shoulder, saying with a deepening frown :
“ A dime for a drink.”

And a broker tore the wrapper from a pair of baby shoes,
Tiny bits of things, worn little, bought, it seemed, to only use
For the cunning little toddler during winter's smiting blast.
Why then were they to be purchased, ere the blitting storms were past ?

“Where did you get the trinkets, man?” asked the broker, half in scorn.

“At home,” he answered, reeling back, “and they haven’t been much worn.

Give the dime, I’m thirsty, thirsty; and the shoes are worth, I know,

That much money! Take them! hurry, give it here and let me go!

A dime for a drink!”

“No! Return them to your baby. She will need them, take them home,”

Answered, then the stern-faced broker, greed of gaining overcome

With the thought of his own children But the man, half roughly, said,

“Give the money to me, brother, she won’t need them, for she’s dead.”

REFRAIN

Dost thou remember or dost thou forget ?
Are thy lips smiling, thine eyes are they wet ?
Love, 'tis December—but o'er the dark blight
Are memories of Maytime, and lost delight.
But dost thou remember, where'er thou art—
O Soul of my Soul and Heart of my Heart ?

Dost thou remember, or dost thou forget ?
The roses you gave—I treasure them yet.
And the sweetness thrills from their leaves of flame,
Till the light floods bright, as the dear dream came,
But hast thou forgotten ? Yea—dreams depart,
O Soul of my Soul and Heart of my Heart !

Dost thou remember, or dost thou forget ?
The Present 'prisons thee close in her net.
Struggle ; escape from her, tear her white breast ;
Leave the new love to die—past love is best.
Hark ! 'tis an echo comes : “ Nay—dreams depart,
O Soul of my Soul and Heart of my Heart ! ”

TO L'ELLA RUBY GRIFFITH

(On the Sixteenth Anniversary of Her Birthday.)

Easter morning, pure and sunny—the resurrection
morn :

Faith's fair dewdrops on Life's lilies,—Hope's tender
blooms new-born ;

Freshness in the heart of springtime ; the trill and
thrill of song

Ringing softly, gladly, clearly, in the music sweet
and strong !

Waken, L'Ella—Life would greet you with cloud-
less skies of blue,

Spring would waft her dewy kisses to lips and eyes
of you.

Sixteen—Easter's fairest lily—bright in the light
of trust ;

By white petals, folding heartward, safe-shielded
from the dust.

One rare petal, dear, is Duty—unsullied, strong and true ;

One is Faith, its spirit beauty in all you say and do ;

One is Innocence ; another, Unselfishness — and Prayer,

Fadeless, lustrous in purity, gleams like a jewel there !

Sixteen to-day,—gladly facing a world of joy and strife—

Passing through the gate of childhood into a fuller life—

A life that needs must know the pain of helpless grief and loss,

Yet which may stronger, purer grow, the heavier be the cross.

Dear, go Love's way ; be brave, be true—giving the right for wrong—

The world is full of tears and sighs ; it needs your voice in song.

Guide your steps in paths of duty—too much of sin is here ;

Trust in God—lead others to Him—speak only words of cheer ;

Seek life's sweetness and its beauty—and ever stoop
to save—

For 'tis but a little space from life unto the grave ;
And life is often sad and cold—for trusted friends
betray ;

Youth passes by—the fair dreams die—and blooms
of love decay.

But, when in sorrow kneeling low, the hearts that
humbly pray,

Ever cherish human kindness, that helped to light
the way.

Thoughtful deeds, unselfish, tender,—words from a
loving heart,—

These are more than all earth's splendor,—more
than the greatest art.

God be with you, dear, and guide you, until your
deeds of good

Shall make your life the sweetest bloom of lovely
Womanhood !

RIPPLE AND CALM

Let me sing you a song of the twilight, tender and
sweet ;

Let me tell you a story of evening, to musical
bars :—

Like aroma that steals from a flower and floats to
the street,

The fragrance of heaven is wafted to earth by
the stars.

And the moon, like a lily white blossom at rest in
the sky,

In keeping her watch over heaven, sings sweet
to the clouds ;

And softly the shadow-forms, flitting in mystery by,
Are covering the meadows of heaven with sil-
very shrouds.

And sleep is the queen that is reigning supreme o'er
the earth,

With Peace the fair sceptre she's wielding in
drowsiest grace

But deep in the heart of the woodland the stream's
subtle mirth

Is sending a ripple of laughter the calm to displace.

And all the great heart of the ocean is throbbing
and deep,

The waves they are dashing and crashing with
rush and with roar ;

And down in the Soul of the waters, the wild things
creep,—

And the mermaid kisses the seaweed that clings
to the shore.

And God, the Great Ruler of heaven, watches the
calm,

And governs the glittering waters in river and sea;
While requiems sweet from the Angels—psalm
within psalm—

Are filling the earth and the heavens with mel-
ody free.

And heaven's the nightingale's forest, where frail
wings beat

And bruise their beauty no longer on merciless
bars

And this is my song of the twilight, tender and
sweet,—

And this is my story of evening, and splendor of
stars !

TO A VIOLINIST.

As he plays—
The chords, long dumb within the heart,
Awake and thrill, from self apart !
Beneath the magic touch of Art,
The Spirits of the Mystic roll
Before the eyes a pictured scroll
Of scenes divine !—The olden days—
They live again, their lighted ways
Strewn o'er with blossoms of delight ;
The rose of Love, the lily white
Of purity, the Myrtle flower—
Symbols of beauty and of power—
The richest of their charms impart
That drift in music thro' the heart—
As he plays.

As he plays—
The thrilling melodies that throng,
Flood holy light above the wrong—
And Hope is fair—and Faith is strong.

And—lo, as though the Sylphion's breath
Were wafted in the face of death,
A new-born life alights the brow ;
For, of the Sylphion, song tells how
'Tis more than worth its weight in gold—
In magic spell that yields the old
The wine of youth So, thrills of life
Long silent 'neath the gathering strife,
Arise as in the olden days—
And live in memory—as he plays.

AT THE WILL OF THE WAVES

If the same grave held our hearts, dear Love—

They would thrill and throb in their dark retreat,
And their dreams would blend in a song, dear Love,
That would bloom in the dark and make it sweet !

If heaven should hold us both, dear Love—

We never would hear what the Angels sing,—
For my soul should cling to your own, dear Love—
As the color cleaves to a rose of spring !

But the world is worse than death, dear love—

With its wide, mad seas that are stretched be-
tween ;
And your life but touched my own, dear Love—
As the sky is swept by the rainbow's sheen.

Oh, the tide must ride with moan and roar,—

And the winds must weep o'er land and sea . . .
But e'en as the same waves sweep the shore—
My Soul shall return to the Soul of thee !

MY VALENTINE

You gave me a rose, so rich and rare,
That the twilight's heart seemed not so fair
As the colors bright that nestled there

Like the ruby wine.

So I kissed the petals rich and red—
And bending close to its heart, I said :
I'll keep you safe till your soul is dead—
As my Valentine.

And the red rose smiled in crimson pride,
As though the life in its leaves defied
The sickle of death or Time's rough tide
To ashed its red.

But the days passed by, and soon there fell
O'er my rose the same mysterious spell,
That rose nor the human heart may quell—
And my rose lay dead.

I lifted the leaves and sighed and said :
“ You were rich and rare, but you are dead.
You are like the love that women dread,
With your breath of wine.
So back again to the earth that gave !
And this I learn from your early grave :
Not the rose—but immortelles—to save
For my Valentine.”

A BRIDE OF DEATH

Basest crime her soul mars !
And yet, *my God*, the radiant stars,
When compared with her eyes,
Are dim and cold. And yon fair skies
So gloriously blue—
They cannot match the tender hue
In the depths of those eyes !

I must have no pity—
I must a stern avenger be.
List, I hear her step. Yes,
She's coming now—her bridal dress
Not more white than her brow.
Ah, her lips smile. With playful bow,
She bends her golden head ;
But I who've seen her soul and read
The curséd secret there,
Must find that face no longer fair—

That voice no longer dear.
I swear to pity not her tear !
She speaks. I do not stir ;
But with my stern eyes piercing her—
Trembling, she lets a book
Slip from her hands. And 'neath my look,

The face I used to love
Grows white and drawn. And now above
Her hair she clasps her hands,
And lightly fall the shining strands
Caressingly around
The child-like face. Still not a sound
Ripples o'er night's calm breast—
And all the world seems bathed in rest.

But buried in my heart,
A dagger lies. Behold her start
In terror, as she sees
I know *at last*. Now, on her knees
She crouches—tempting me
With trembling lips, and eyes that see
The madness of my hate.
She pleads in vain. It is too late !

Around her slender throat
My fingers close. Laughing, I gloat
Over the purpling face—
Whose seeming pure and subtle grace,
Lies all crushed—held so fast
Within my hands. Dead—dead—at—last !
But for her life, I sell
My Soul—that's dragged with *hers*, to hell !

TRUE ART

She, all will own, is great,—
Who, by long-studied art,
Has gained the power to grief or joy impart,
At will, in human hearts,—or love, or hate.

But she, indeed, is great,—
Who, with a bleeding heart,
May smile or jest, and play the joyous part
Of happiness, in mocking face of Fate.

DEAR, IF YOU KNEW

Oh, if you knew how jealously I keep
Each thought of you ;
Belovéd, would you bend your head and weep
For the poor miser-heart, with its rich few
Of treasured blossoms, robbed of living dew ?

Here is the day we met—the words you said :
Here is the hour
Love came and touched my brow, and gaily led
My footsteps through his fair and starry bower ;
And here is Hope, a withered, gray-lipped flower.

Poor records of a rich and vanished year—
Poor dreams of you.
I wonder if your heart would give a bier
To these dead things ? Or would you look them
through,
And thrust them rudely back, dear, if you knew ?

A DIFFERENCE

The skies are not so blue ;
The Autumn lands—robbed of the Summer's
vines—
Are robed around with somberer, sadder hue,—
And the winds moan through shivering oaks and
pines ;
The very golden-rod is poor, in lieu
Of being rich and bright All life is seer :
And yet, I know, the skies would be as blue,
The golden-rod as gold, if *you* were here !

I wander in the fields ;
The river sings and sobs upon its ways ;
The grasses wave ; the cloudy heaven shields
The lingering wild-wood blooms from withering
rays.
But, oh, I cannot say I love these hours,
I cannot call the late, sweet blossoms dear.
And yet, I know, I'd kiss those self-same flowers,
And love and treasure them—if *you* were here !

It is not that I miss

Last Autumn's brilliant ways and frolic winds,
Nor even loving care ; it is not this.

O ! Love, all this the searching Spirit finds ;
But something else is missing : I recall

That other time, when Life's glad lips bent near
A Spring's sweet brink !

Ah, God ! That bright, dead Fall !
In these pale days, its ghost is fluttering here.

And I, too, am a Ghost.

I come to taunt the years, with mocking lips,
That only [moan] (their power of singing gone),

With wide, calm eyes, whose sight is in eclipse.
Spring, summer, winter fall—no light comes here ;

The waters of my Spring are all withdrawn ;
Death toomed in Life—denied the dead one's bier,—
A homeless Ghost of self, I wander on !

THE BROKEN GOBLET

“O, Woman, with the wrinkled brow
And blighted face,—
Whence do you come? And why and how
To this bright place?”

The croaking voice responded low,
And faint and weak :
“O, Maiden, I would have you know
How Time will wreak
His vengeance on your gold-rich head,
And bend it down—
When youthful years and dreams are sped,
And hopes are brown.”

“O, Woman, of your Youth bereft
Eternally,—
I am not guilty of the theft,—
Why come to *me*?”

The croaking voice responded slow,
In accents weak :
“Behold in me, whom men shall know”—

Her faded cheek
One instant thrilled with memory-glow,—
“Behold in me,
YOURSELF—when Youth and Dreams are snow,
Eternally.”

* * * * *

The maiden from the vision sped,
And sang and laughed;
In mockery tossed her golden head,
And stooped and quaffed
Life's bright Elixir of Delight.
The glass was Youth:
It shattered Lo ! again the white,
Wan face of Truth !

THOU ART MY DREAM

Thou art my dream and I would sleep forever
To feel the thralldom of thy presence near.
I reach my hand ! The fettering cords dissever,
And thou art with me in the stillness here.

Thou art my dream—Love lifts a golden chalice ;
And joyous draughts of liquids sweet I drain ;
I wander with thee in a jeweled palace,
And feel the glory of thy love again.

Thou art my dream !—Belovéd, I am kneeling
Among the rose-leaves on the Summer's bier ;
And echoes, from the vaults of Memory stealing,
Are calling to thee—and thou art not here.

* * * * *

Thou art my dream—Life lifts a broken chalice,
With bitter dregs my parchéd lips must drain.
I seek the doors of our enchanted palace ;
But THEY were DREAMS, and open not again.

Thou art my dream,—and I shall seek thee ever ;

And, kneeling, call thee to me in a song.

Thou art my dream, Belovéd, and I never

Will falter, weeping, in the way of wrong.

Thou givest me a sight of heaven above me,

And guidest me to Life's enchanted stream !

With all my soul, I love thee, oh ! I love thee !

And glory that thou art my dream—my dream !

A GOOD-NIGHT SONG

(To Mother.)

Awake, I feel thee near,—and in my dreams
Thy presence lingers, till the silence seems
Athrill with melody.

Good-night,—forgive me if my deeds have pained
The tender heart of thee.

O! heart, bound, chained ;

Oh, eyes that do not see ;

O! Soul that cannot rise,—what mystery
In thralldom holds the Spirit that should be
As fairy-like and free

As dreaming and as sweet as melody ?

The stars are shining ! Thou in heaven, good-night!
I will be stronger and more brave and bright . . .

If this were joy to thee,
'Twere joy to me ; for thy sweet will is mine ;
My every thought—my every dream—is thine !

Thou art the living tree,—
I, but a frail vine closely clinging there
All bruised and broken,—asking but to share
 Whate'er of mystery
Shall fall to thee,—and gladder still to yield
My Soul to thee—thy purity my shield.

Good-night—and ever love that lessens not,
Though stars shall vanish and the darkness blot
 The sky's blue mystery !

Good-night, and never one swift sob of pain.
O ! Mother mine, good-night ! And once again
 The same Soul-prayer from me !

Good-night—Good-night ! There is so much to say ;
But lo, the evening dew's do weep the day !

 Yet ever tenderly
My soul is singing—swept in dreams to *thee* !

THE CROSS OF JOY

I would take up thy cross, dear one, for thee ;
And to the very dust I would kneel down,
And joy to even die on Calvary—
If thou, O Love, if thou couldst have the crown.

Dear, I should smile thro' all the tempest's rage,
Smile even as the storm's great fury came,—
If but for thee God's mercy would assuage
The grief that tortured me in lava flame.

If but for thee, Belovéd, life be sweet,
And all the shadows and the storms depart,—
I am content to quiver at thy feet,
And strain to hear the beating of thy heart.

If but on thee, my dear one, God will smile,—
I shall kneel down and lift the rocks away—
Lest thy dear feet should stumble into guile,
Or gather from the stones their dark decay.

Dear, I shall count it joy thy cross to bear,
And drink the bitterest draughts of human woe—
If but thy life may radiant be, and fair,
And God will lead *thee* where His roses grow.

Go forth, Belovéd,—Love has forced the bars ;
I take thy place within the narrow cell.
Mine be the midnight's darkness, thine its stars !
Weep not! *Love's* cross is *joyous*.!—Fare thee well!

LONGING

Oh, I cannot see with my sightless eyes,
The way that my feet should go !
'Neath the lowering skies where the thunder cries,
They wander and falter so !
And I cannot find with my human mind,
The Truth that never will fail ;
For doubt is a tempest so undefined,
And sin such a sweeping gale !

Oh, God,—for the faith that is strength in strife,—
Oh, for the Bethlehem Star !
Oh, God,—for the grace of a purer life
To come where the sin stains are !
And this is the cry of my soul to-night,
The cry of my fainting Soul :
Oh, Christ, for the sight of a holy Light—
While 'round me the death-waves roll !

Oh, God,—oh, my God,—that a heavier rod
 May chasten the stains away,—
That the thorns so thick where my feet have trod,
 Shall strew not the Future's way.
For I cannot see with these sightless eyes,
 The path where my heart should go,—
'Neath the lowering skies where the thunder cries—
 It wanders and falters so !

YOU WERE IN MY HEART

You were in my heart, like the glowing gold
In the heart of a lily, frail and fair.
And you loved me so, that I felt no cold,—
And my heart was rich for your presence there !

You were in my heart,—and the lily breathed
Her holiest breaths to the tender air ;
And her petals white o'er the gold heart wreathed,
Like sentinel Angels lost in prayer !

You were in my heart, like a golden sun,—
And a holy light on the lily lay ;
And your life and mine were as closely spun,
As the light and warmth of a summer day !

You were in my heart—but the poor thing lies
Like a lily swept by a scorching ray,—
For it died, it died,—as a lily dies,—
When I tore you out of my heart that day !

You were in my heart !—Oh, you'll never know
How it bleeds and fades 'neath its petals fair ;
And you'll never know how it withers slow,
And repines and dies, in its wan despair !

You were in my heart !—The false and the true
Were together blended, breath in breath !—
But I plucked you out when the truth I knew,
And in place of Love, was the cold of Death !

Oh, the lily stands with her lifted head,
And the heavens send it the sun and dew,—
And it still is fair !—Do you know 'tis *dead*?
That its gold heart died with the loss of *you*?

A SONG

A new year,
With new fear
Of what its arms may bring ;
A new day,
A new way
To see and do each thing.

A new hour,
With new power
To mould our lives in Love ;
A new dream,
A new gleam
Of mercy from above !

HER CHOICE

Two lovers came to woo : One bore a crown
To which the whole world knelt,—a thing most
rare,—
Radiant in glowing light from jewels fair,
That starred the gleaming gold like dewdrops
there !

The other suitor knelt—and gently laid
A simple violet upon Love's breast ;
The flower sweetly breathed,—its timid heart
Thrilled of the smile of God—His Love—His
Rest !

Dazzled at first, by wealth's rare, beauteous gift—
(The diamonds were bright all else above),
But wearied by the glare, she turned away,
To find Life's bloom upon the breast of Love !

FROM LIFE

I knew a woman, once, whose glorious face
 Resembled in its bright, sweet purity—
 That of an angel. 'Twas so heavenly,
That I, unworthy, drew myself apace—
And deemed it honor to but touch the lace
 Upon her breast. I loved her ! More to me
 Was one bright smile of hers, than what would be
Most prized by other hearts. I deemed it grace
From God, Himself, that I, so little worth,
 Could linger near and breathe the same pure air
 That she was breathing And the months
 went by,—
And now But no,—I'll not profane ! God's
 earth
Bears many a flower, as beauteous and as rare—
 Within whose heart the deadly poisons lie !

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Dead—

With its loss and its gain :

Fled—

With its joy and its pain.

And o'er the old year's mystic tomb

There pass the ghosts of silenced dead—

The light of morns, the cloud-hung gloom

Of nights While o'er the hearts that bled

From sorrow and from sin,

Our fair new year has cast the shroud

Of half forgetfulness.

Dead—

With its cold and its gloom :

Fled—

With its harsh words of doom.

Born—

With new hopes and new ties :

Morn—

With new life and new skies.

And hearts take up the lyre of hope—

While sound the thrilling chords of love ;

And lives no more in darkness grope

In sunlight streaming from above,

Dear messages of Light

Are sent from heaven—and, lo, the night

Is lost in radiant morn.

Born—

With assurance of rest :

Morn—

Whispering, “God knoweth best.”

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

(On Her Seventy-eighth Birthday.)

Could I change this stumbling meter
To a song of praise completer
Than the singing of the birds ;
Could I make the music sweeter
Than the flow of human words ;
Could I burst the bars asunder
That have kept my Spirit under
Ban and blight of silence cold ;
Could I make the world, in wonder,
Hearken to the tale I told :—

Then might I in fitting phrases
Say and sing the thrilling praises
That are in my heart for you !

KINGS OF THE PAST

And what are you now ? . . For all of past glory
Your raiment is rust ;
And you have succumbed to the old, cold story,
Of dewless, dead dust.
Only your palace is richer than ever,
More splendid your throne.
But what have you, NOW, that Death did not sever ?
What call you YOUR OWN ?

Ye Kings of the Past, the Present disowns you ;
Your fame is in gloom.
No heart that is here bewails or bemoans you :
Your bed is the tomb.
Brighter than ever, the sunlight is shining
Upon the glad Earth ;
We have no temper or time for repining
The Past's ashen hearth.

Mould in your caverns ! The walls that surround
 you,
 Are cold as the gold
In which you were drest . . . The earth-links that
 bound you
 Grew soft in Death's hold.
Fools ! to have strutted so proud in your splendors.
 Your story is told.
For all of past pride, your Present engenders
 A cupful of mould.

THE SAME SWEET STORY

The same sweet story, my darling,—

I'm telling it over again ;

And love is sweeter for sorrow,

As roses are sweeter for rain !

Out of the shadow, my darling—

There bursts into being, the day ;

After the ravaging tempest,

The rainbow in beauty's array !

Out of the sorrow, my darling,

The beautiful, tenderer joy ;

After the doubt and the anguish,

The faith that no trials destroy.

The same sweet story, my darling,

I'm telling it over again :

That Love is sweeter for sorrow,

As roses are sweeter for rain !

FANCIES

God spoke to me through the flowers and said :

“ Heaven’s sweetness and purity I show
In these, My children. Love them well for they
Are part of Me.” I bowed my head—
Touched their fair faces with my lips. I know
They will return my soft caress some day !

God murmured low, across the sea, and said :

“ My love and My own constancy I show,
Through this great sea that grows always.”
I looked, and lo, a wondrous light that led
As to heaven’s gate—And, by this, I know
Life’s rough, dark stream shall meet God’s sea
some day !

TO MY MOTHER

Dear, open your arms for me,—
For a little while in their embrace
Let holiest calm the storms displace.
Oh, lean from heaven in your tender grace—
And open your arms for me !

Dear, open your heart for me,—
I have struggled so from day to day,
But the light is faint and far away.
Oh, teach these murmuring lips to pray,
And open your heart for me !

Dear, open your Soul for me !
Its treasures bare to my straining eyes,
And soaring down where my poor heart lies,
Oh, blot with your tears its crimson dyes,—
And open your Soul for me !

Dear,—open the Gate for me !
Oh, Mother, 'tis I, 'tis I, your child ;
I call, for the waves are beating wild !
(Then my Soul arose : for Mother smiled—
And sent down her faith to me !

TO LOVE,—THE MASTER MUSICIAN

Oh, take it and mould it, dear Love, to your will—
The Heart that without you was never complete !
Oh, lift it and fold it and waken its thrill,
And tune it forever, and temper its beat.

Oh, take it, beloved, and touch the dumb strings—
The Harp that is silent and covered with rust ;
'Twill quiver, Belovéd, and spread out its wings—
And Music will tremble, a Dove, from the dust !

Oh, polish to brightness the silent, dark thing ;
And keep it and love it—your being to fill.
Oh, Master Musician,—each quivering string
Forever shall hearken, and speak to your will !

Till heaven shall listen, entranced, to the song,
And earth shall awaken and tremble and thrill !
Oh, Master Musician,—'twas silent so long
That now in its gladness 'twill never be still !

Oh, take it and mould it, dear Love, to your will—

The Heart God created for Love to make true !

Oh, lift it and love it—the Harp that was still—

O ! MASTER MUSICIAN, it wakens for YOU !

JUDGMENT

(I Corinthians, 4:5.)

Look not to men for judgment that is just,
For, sightless, men peer down and find a stain
Where stain is not ; and looking yet again,
See grandeur where is none . . . But give your trust
To God : one, who raised you from the dust—
To Him alone, who sends the sun and rain !
And though in all death's darkness, ye have lain,
Ye may arise, the conqueror of lust.

Nor look to self for judgment ;—neither faint
Upon the way, nor shrink beneath the rod ;
The One of Love lets not His children trudge
Uncomforted, nor lets the shadow taint
The lives of them, nor dim the way to God.
Man—Woman—live your life, and let God judge!

ERRATA.

Page 17—4th line; for "*scal-up*," read "*scaled-up*."

Page 47—2d stanza, 4th line; for "*ashed*," read "*ashen*."

Page 54—Last line but one; for "*loomed*," read "*lombed*."



